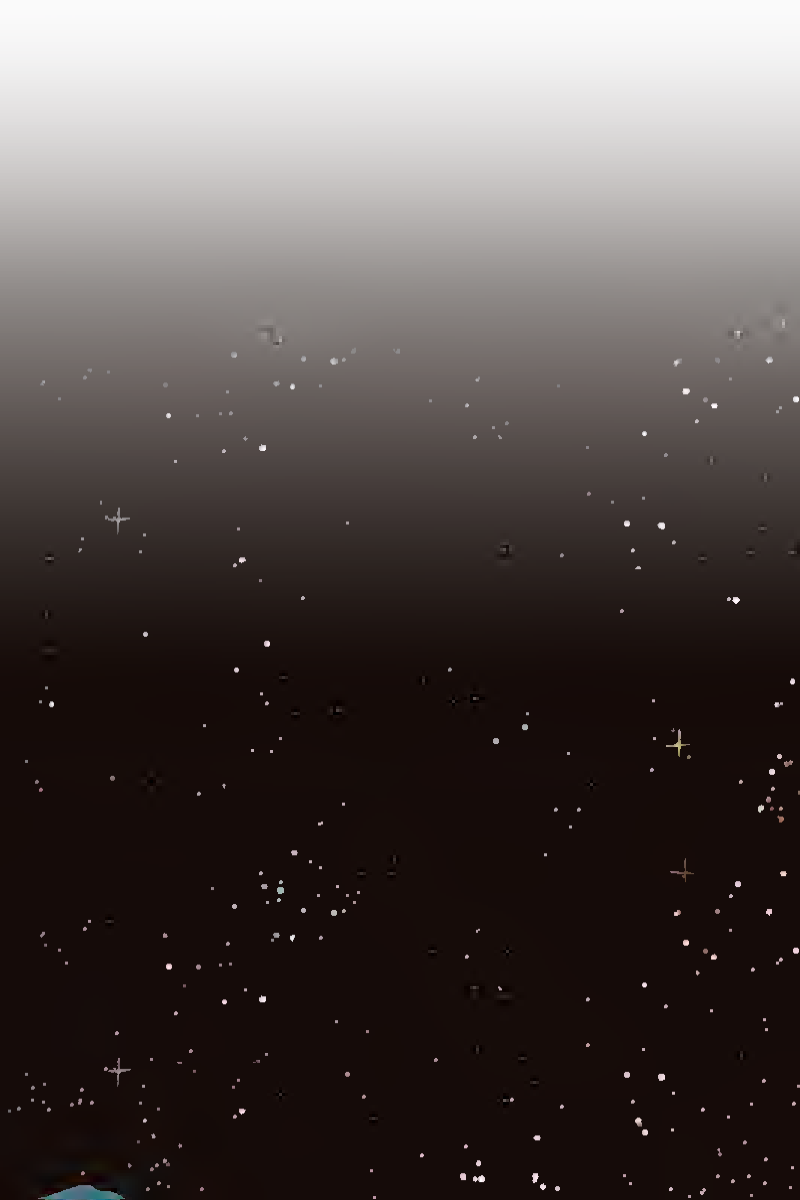
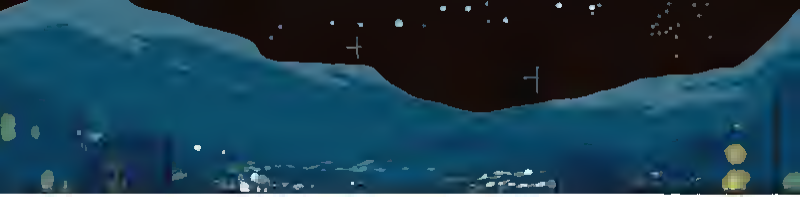
Attention all units!
There is a surveillance drone in the area. We are being spied on.
I need everyone on patrol--
Find the drone!
Bring me the

spy!
Alpha team, sweep the house!
Yes, sir!
First floor is clear.
No one on the second floor!

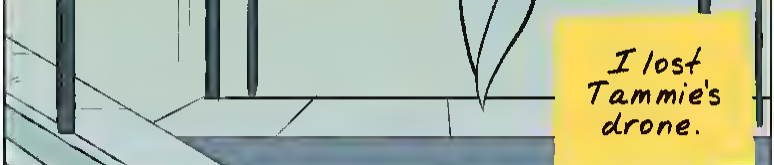
Third floor is empty.
No sign of the drone!

Commander Saito, this is Qiana.
The drone is down.





Oh my sosh.
I am so stupid.



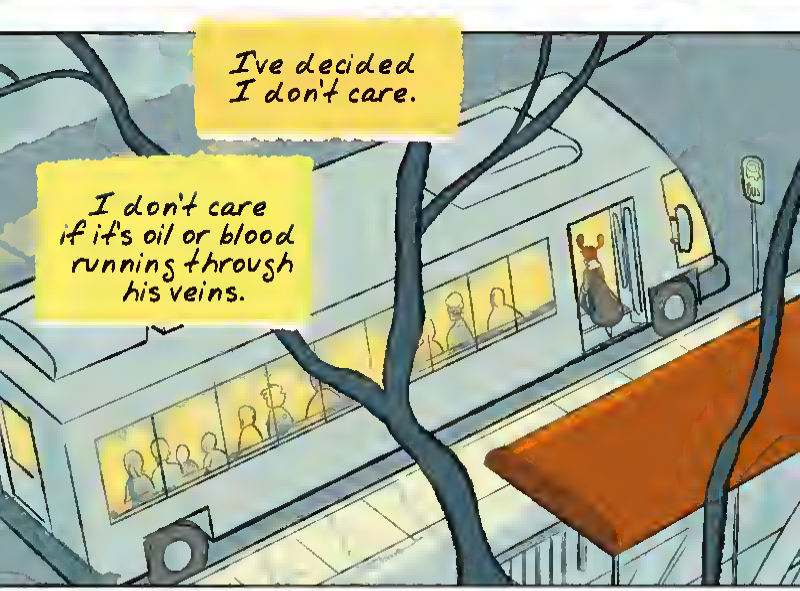
It'll cost me, like, thirty weeks of allowance to pay her back.

And some how...
...against all odds...
...my plan worked.

I confirmed my suspicions about Oliver.

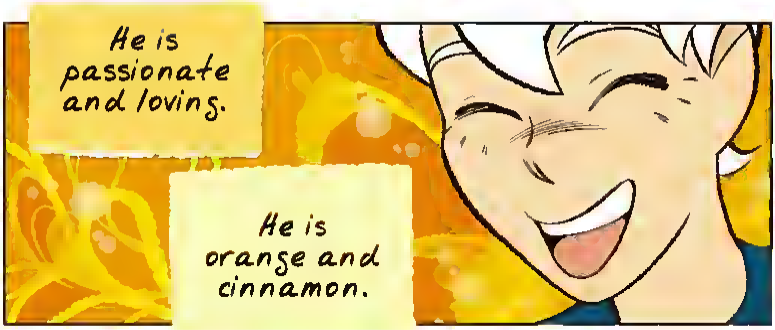
...kind of.

KSHH!
matters.

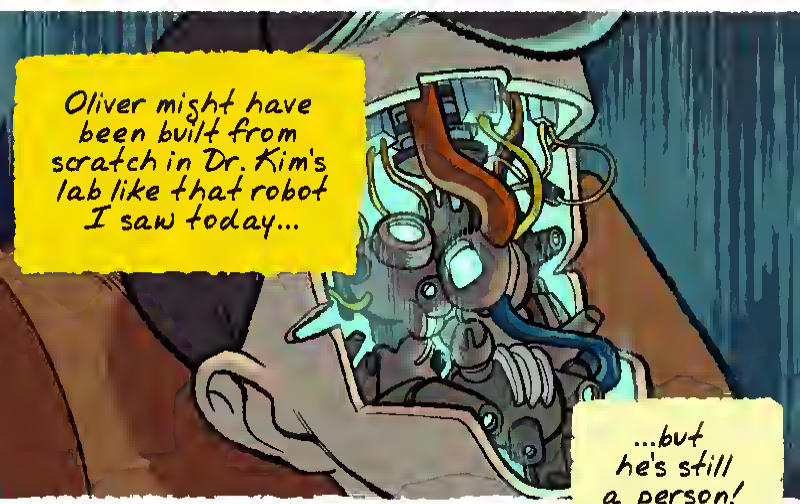

Ive decided I don't care.
I don't care if it's oil or blood running through his veins.

I don't care if he has a computer for a brain or an engine for a heart.

Oliver is more than the sum of his parts.

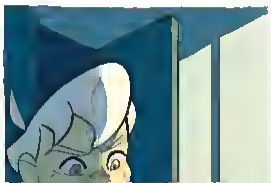

He is passionate and loving.
He is orange and cinnamon.

These things mark his soul and have nothing to do with his body.



He's alive!

He's just as real as I am!



Prove it.

Oh, Oliver.
You and your proof.

I gave you what I could, but it faded away eventually.

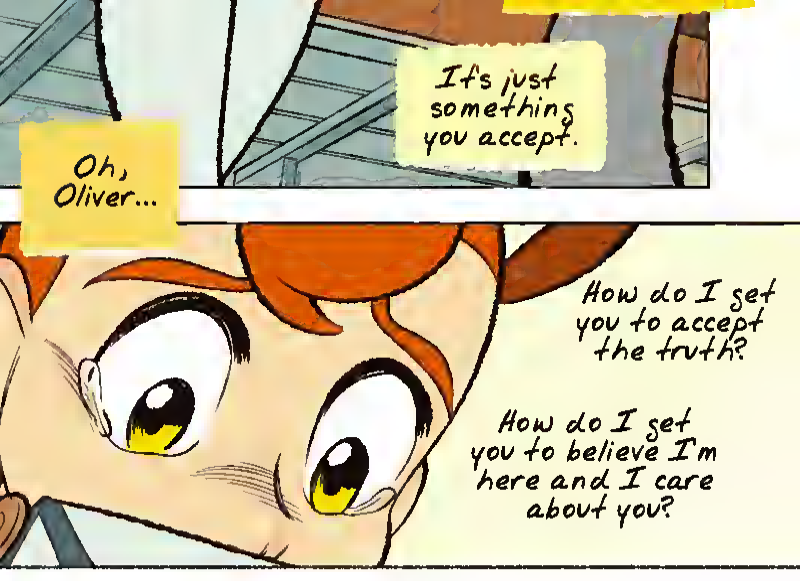
I can't prove to you the world is real and I exist and you are not alone.

No one can.

But that doesn't mean I'm not here!

You're so quick to believe in the Nothing...
Why?!
Can you prove the Nothing is real?
Now that I know your secret it's easier for me to understand your fears.
You're afraid your artificial senses lie to you about the world.

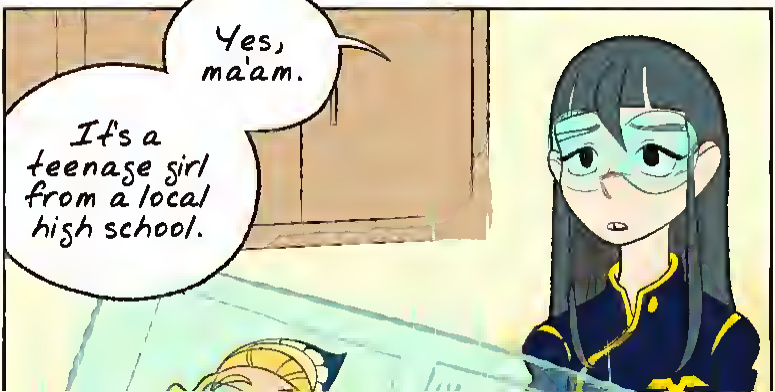
You're afraid your synthetic eyes prevent you from seeing reality as it truly is.
But Oliver, even if you had hands made of flesh and bone it wouldn't be any easier to grab hold of the truth.
Truth is not something you can touch.

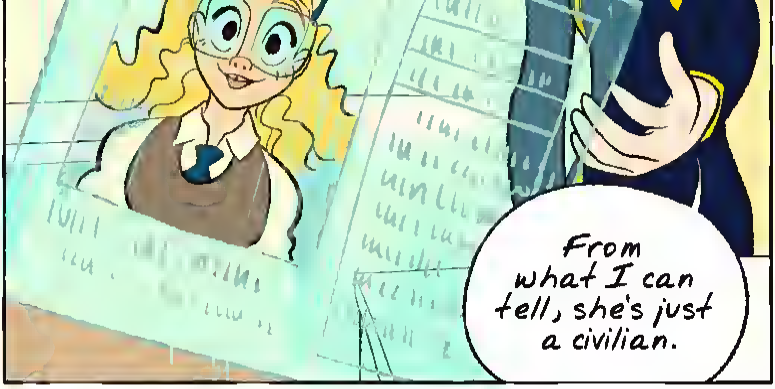

It's just something you accept.
Oh, Oliver...
How do I get you to accept the truth?
How do I get you to believe I'm here and I care about you?

So, the spy got away?
I'm afraid so, ma'am.
However, I did manage to get the drone's serial number off a piece of debris.
This is why you're the best, Qiana.
Yes, ma'am

ma'am.

Were you able to trace the serial number back to the owner?


Yes, ma'am.
It's a teenage girl from a local high school.


From what I can tell, she's just a civilian.

Bring her in.

SPACE BOY

by

Stephen McCranie

@stephenmccranie

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